Two Little Natives in a Peanut Shell

ETC.

"BUKUMBA"

"NZADI"

By

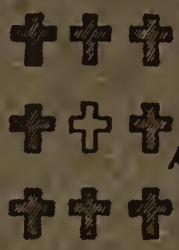
"B. Martin"

"Lest We Forget"

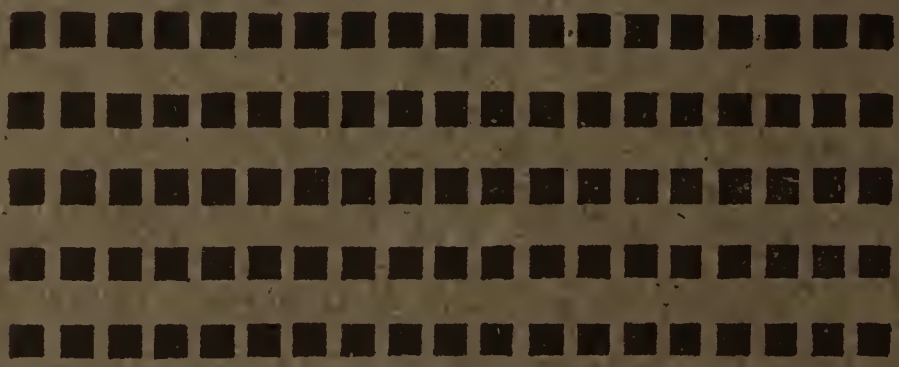
RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS OF AFRICA

EACH CRESCENT REPRESENTS ONE MILLION MOHAMMEDANS

EACH CROSS REPRESENTS ONE MILLION NOMINAL CHRISTIANS



THE WHITE CROSS REPRESENTS LESS THAN ONE MILLION CHRISTIAN COMMUNICANTS



EACH SQUARE REPRESENTS ONE MILLION PAGANS

Lovingly yours,
Bessie Lentell Martin.

Heavenly Father, may we be witnesses of Thy great love to all with whom we come in contact. May the happy, transformed life of the little Congo girl, Bukumba, testify to the power of Thy saving grace which has ended her grief over her "thorn in the flesh" and brought love and joy and peace into her heart. May she be a true symbol of Africa—that Dark Continent deformed (its growth arrested and undeveloped) because of the terrible blow of Indifference from a Christian world—which if led to Christ will be transformed by the power of Him who *died* that the joy of all might be full.

O, may our lives—weak and unworthy, in which no good thing dwells *except as Christ lives in us and we abide in Him*—testify of Thy strength which *is* sufficient for *every* need, and bring others to know of Thee, of Thy Holy Spirit brooding over the lives of men, and of Jesus Christ our Master, Brother, Teacher, Friend—the "Three in One" our Lord, "Altogether Lovely, whose we are and whom we serve."

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By per of V. P. F. M. Journal

1900 Years in Darkness

A SILENT APPEAL.

15 000 People Dying Every Day Without Christ.

"Come Over and Help us."

[From L. & R., P. O. Box 216, HARRISBURG, PA.]

Africa is the second largest continent in the world.

There are perhaps 150,000,000 people, of whom, while 50,000,000 are Mohammedans, not over 1,000,000 are Christians. Every tenth man in the United States is a black man. Every seventh man in the world is a black man. Surely he is the white man's burden!

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Certain facts about Africa and about our Congo Mission I long to tell to all whom it is possible for me to reach. These facts "in a nutshell" are collected in this little book.

Tuasekidila kua bungi be (many, many thanks) to Mr. Jno. I. Armstrong for his kindness in managing the publication of this booklet. I also wish to thank one of the classes in the Colored Mission in Louisville, Ky., the Colored Mission in Decatur, Ga., and others, for their contributions in money, which made the printing of this material possible.

"B. MARTIN."

NOTE.—Mrs. Martin's African name is Suila, pronounced Swela, meaning "Love for us."
J. I. A.

"BUKUMBA," OR "THE LITTLE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

ON the other side of the world, eleven thousand miles or more from America, one of our missionaries to the Belgian Congo (which used to be the Congo Free State) met a little hunch-back girl called Bukumba. Although a daughter of the chief of the village, she was looked down upon and sadly ridiculed because of her deformity. Moved to pity the missionary spoke to the mother of the little girl and obtained her glad consent to take the child with him to the Pantops Home for girls at Luebo. Because he smiled and won her confidence, little Bukumba willingly followed her new-found friend; walking many miles before reaching the Mission, where foot sore but happy she was given over to the charge of the faithful matron of the boarding school to be taught by her to read and write and to learn more of the wonderful Saviour of whom she had already heard through her father. For her father Kamuanga Kalamba had for several years been a Christian and Bamuyila, the mother, in time, accepted the remarkable new teaching, too; but it was more difficult for the poor woman to surrender her all than for her husband to give up all of his twenty-nine wives as he had to do before becoming a member of our church.

"BUKUMBA"
"The Little Chocolate Soldier"

Poor Bamuyila had to surrender a deep and bitter hatred for a jealous rival before she could ask the Jesus Master to do with her as He would. Having lost three children before the birth of little Bukumba, Bamuyila centered most of her affection

upon her little girl. One day returning from a day's work in the field, she discovered her baby's back broken, and her grief was overwhelming. Later when she discovered the cause of her baby's injury, her hatred knew no bounds. As I have said, Kamuanga Kalamba, the chief of his village, had thirty wives, and because Bamuyila was a favorite wife she incurred the jealous hatred of another of his wives who, when the child (who was just beginning to walk), in playful bad humor unfortunately slapped one of the angry woman's children, took a club and broke the back of poor little Bukumba while her mother was away. Frightened, the woman tried in vain to hide her crime, for both Kamuanga Kalamba and Bamuyila wished to kill her when they discovered her guilt. The injured mother had to be watched both night and day to be kept from murdering her hated enemy long after the chief had spared the woman's life for the sake of her five children.

Kamuanga Kalamba, learning from a "teacher of God" that it was wrong to nourish hatred in his heart, finally forgave his outcast wife, thus incurring the most violent indignation of his favorite "one-thirtieth." When later he accepted the teaching of the Mission in full, and put away his twenty-nine wives to be married by a Christian Minister, to one, Kamuanga Kalamba sought the consent of Bamuyila, she refused because he had forgiven the woman who had done her too fearful and lasting injury for her heathen mother heart to forgive. Truly she could not without a new heart, but the miracle of "new birth" could be accomplished in a savage woman's breast as well as in any other. The knowledge of Christ's love finally was accepted, and Bamuyila yielded her cherished hatred to Him who washed all her sins away and enabled her through His Grace to seek out her enemy and sit down at meat with her, thus proving that her heart was at last "white towards her" and her hatred ended. So are the lives of the savages in the Congo being changed by our Saviour's love.

And so was Bukumba's life also transformed.

She was a most unattractive, almost a repulsive little child, when she came to the Mission; shrinking and secretive and very, very dirty and unambitious. Under the influence of kindness and finding that Jesus cared as much for her as if she were not deformed, she developed into one of the most faithful and "sunshiny" little Christians I have ever known. The little white baby she nursed became, she said, her "very heart" and when she was taken from her native land on an immense ocean liner across the sea to accompany the little foreign baby to his foreign home-land, Bukumba won for herself the name "Little Chocolate Soldier" from one of the passengers on board because of a touching act of faithfulness on her part.

Imagine coming from the heart of Africa and sailing to "Wonder-land" on a wonderful and awe-inspiring sea! Land was out of sight and Bukumba, giving a frightened glance at the great unbroken expanse of water, quickly turned away, saying, "O, let me go back to the little room where I'll not know where I am!" And so I left her, playing with the baby and praying to God to "strengthen her heart" and to keep her from being afraid. Soon the boat began to roll, but not realizing that Bukumba had never before passed through such an experience, I delayed going to my cabin for an hour or so and when I did return what a sight met my eyes! Poor little Bukumba was so sea-sick she could hardly stand, yet there she was, clinging to my baby with faithful arms, not daring to move, expecting at any moment to be cast into a watery grave, for she told me, her eyes wild with fear and sea-sickness, "Oh, the trunks and suit cases have been moving all over the floor and the big boat has nearly gone under so many times!" Yet she was standing at her post and watching baby till I came.

Now, safely in America and enjoying this wonderful country as much as "Alice" ever enjoyed her "Wonder-land," the "Little Chocolate Soldier" loves to sway her body from side to side, describing the motion of the ship, and delights in telling every one that she was on the great sea, but God delivered her out of its depths and brought her safely to the foreign country where she can testify in her own way of her love for Him. This is the question she wishes to ask each one: "Oh, why are there so many of God's people over here in the churches where I go to sing and yet so few who come out to help my people in darkness over there in Africa?" Can we answer "why?"

ARE YOU A BUSY BEE SOLDIER OR A DRONE?

ONCE upon a time a wicked old witch-doctor turned all of the little fairies into brownies.

Now, every one knows that the greatest difference between the fairies and the brownies is that the little fairies go about trying to help everybody while the brownies only think of all the mischief they can do and of just having a good time for themselves.

Well, those poor little brownies of the witch-doctor only thought of themselves and that makes any one selfish and unhappy, you know, so they were just as miserable as they could be. They quarreled and fought and were so wretched that even the very songs that they sang were only sad songs that would almost make you want to cry to hear them. They lived in tiny little palm-leaf and mud houses and ate worms and ants and caterpillars and snakes and even each other—just think of that! And the worst of it was that the old witch-doctor lighted

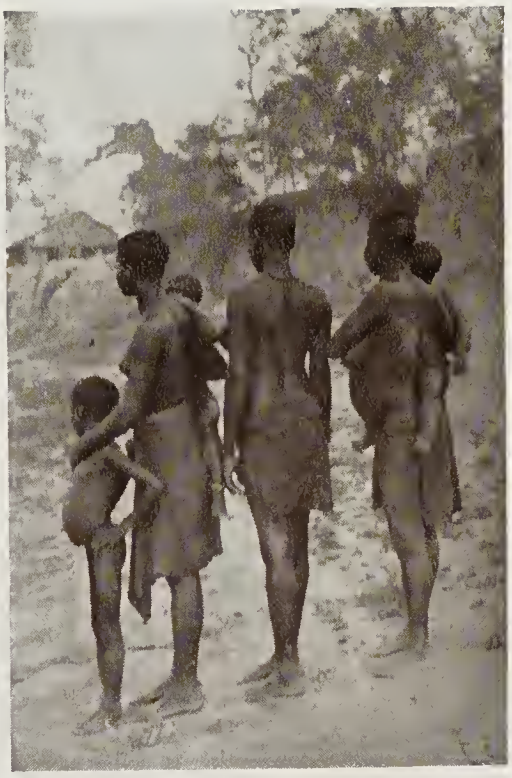
"Under the Spell of the Wicked Old Wizard Nis"

a great wall of fire all around the place where he put the brownies so that not one of them could get away. Poor, little brownies, all caged in with a terrible wall of fire!

Now, when the king of all the fairies heard of this he was very angry and he sent his son, the brave Prince Greatheart, to fight the old witch-doctor whose name was Nis, the most terrible wizard that ever lived. But Prince Greatheart was the bravest prince that ever lived, so when he came to the wall of fire he went straight through until he came to the place where the brownies were. But O, he was burned so badly that he fell down, and what do you think the little brownies tried to do to him? They wanted to kill him because they would not believe that he was the king's son when he told them so. They hurt him with thorns and spears and would have killed him if he had not been the king's own son, but they could not kill him and he rose up and waved his magic wand and what do you think happened? Why, all of those little brownies who saw him began to look like fairies again and O, they were so happy that they cried "O, how we love Prince Greatheart," over and over again. Then Prince Greatheart said, "If you love me you will go out and bring other little brownies to me." So they started away, going

"The Brownest Brownies You Ever Saw"

to the brownies around them and brought them in crowds to Prince Greatheart who was never too tired to turn them back into fairies again. But one day some of them came to the great Prince and said that wherever they went the old witch-doctor tried to fight them. Now Prince Greatheart was fighting the wizard wherever he found him, so he said, "Come together into bands and companies and I will teach you how to fight, and will drill you and give you a sword to fight with, and we will call ourselves the Busy Bee Army."



Three Little Brownies and Their Mothers

Now, wouldn't you think that all of the little brownies who had been helped so much by Prince Greatheart would be only too glad to come to him to learn how to fight the wicked wizard Nis? But no, a great crowd of the little brownies, just as soon as they began to look like fairies again, went away from Prince Greatheart before their hearts were touched with his magic wand, so they were fairies with brownie hearts, and they still only thought about themselves, and forgot that they had ever said that they loved Prince Greatheart. They surely must have forgotten for they did not come near him again, and did not try to bring other little brownies to him or fight against the wicked old witch-doctor Nis. So they were just like the drone bees and the little soldiers in the Busy Bee Army called them drones.

A Grass House in Brownie-land, Two Brownies and Mr. McKinnon

Now, this made Prince Greatheart very sad, for there were millions and millions of little brownies who had never even heard that the great Prince had come to deliver them from the spell of the wicked Nis, and the soldiers in the Busy Bee Army were too few to reach them all. When

the Busy Bee soldiers went far away across the sea they found so many millions of the little brownies still fighting and quarreling and killing each other, they came to Prince Greatheart and told him and he said for them to go to the Drones and ask for help. So they did, and listen to what the Drones said: "We do love Prince Greatheart and will prove it by joining your Busy Bee Army," and they promised to help fight the wizard Nis, and to at least send more of the little Busy Bee soldiers across the sea, if they could not go themselves to bring the millions of little brownies over there to the great Prince.

Now the Busy Bee Army was divided into many different bands and companies, and some of the Drones joined one company and some another. One company was called the "S. P." Co. and so many of the Drones joined that company that they promised to help bring 25,000,000 of the poor brownies who had never heard of Prince Greatheart and his magic wand, to him. They said, "We will help send Busy Bee Soldiers to seven coun-

"Real Live Brownies"

tries across the sea," and to one of those countries called Africa they sent thirty-nine Busy Bee soldiers to bring 2,000,000 of the brownest brownies you ever saw to Prince Greatheart. That meant that every one of those thirty-seven Busy Bee soldiers would have to bring 51,282 brownies to Prince Greatheart in order to bring all of the 2,000,000, so they said: "It is impossible, we can not do it, we must have more soldiers to help us, there are over 300,000 soldiers in our "S. P." Co., surely more of them can be spared to help us in Africa."

But many of the Drones who had joined the "S. P." Co. still had brownie hearts (for they did not go to Prince Greatheart to be touched by his magic wand, and so did not love him "really and truly") so they said: "We do not believe in sending any more of our company to Africa as we have too many brownies living near our own homes, to bring to Prince Greatheart, and if we send more of our soldiers away, some of us might have to go to these little brownies ourselves, which would never, never do." Some others said, "It costs too much money to send soldiers to

Africa, and we can not afford it, for it costs so much to buy fine houses and pretty clothes and good things to eat that we can not even spare one-tenth of our money to give to Prince Greatheart's work. Others said: "We haven't even time to think of the little brownies in Africa for we have too much to do in planning for our own selves and our own comfort and entertainment." And still others said: "O, what is the use of trying to bring those little brownies in Africa to Prince Greatheart for they are too stupid to understand what it means, and even if they were brought to him, they would go away without being helped and return to their former way of living—and besides, they are happy enough anyway, for anything is good enough for those little brownies in Africa, who are the ugliest and dirtiest and most stupid and offensive to us of all the brownies in the world."

So millions of the brownies in Africa are still under the spell of the wicked old witch-doctor Nis, and will be until all of the Drones go to Prince Greatheart themselves and have their brownie hearts touched by his magic wand, which, I'm sure you must have guessed by this time, is LOVE.

Now are you a Busy Bee Soldier or a Drone?

Foot Note.—Perhaps you will think that the witch-doctor's name is spelled backwards—yes, truly, it is—and of course "S. P." stands for Southern Presbyterians.

Be careful to substitute the latest statistics always for the figures given in this story.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF MATTHEW

LET us read the last part of the 25th chapter of Matthew where Christ speaks of those who are hungry and thirsty, strangers, naked, sick and in prison—for that is a literal description of the poor people in Africa who have never had enough teachers sent even to the ones who were begging for them, who are strangers to everything in the world that we call dear, who feel ashamed of their nakedness when they see people with clothes, and long for a few yards of cloth to wrap about their poor bodies, where from 60 to 75 per cent of the babies die in infancy and a great many in the teen age and in later life from entirely preventable diseases, and where they are in prison, cut off from the civilized world and unable to tell of their suffering and distress to others. Surely it is a serious thing for our Lord to warn us "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren ye did it not to me" and to consider the appallingly large number of those suffering and neglected and left in absolute darkness and sin.

In civilized lands we see enough suffering and sin to distress

us, but if when shuddering over some exceptionally horrible incident, we could only remember that in heathen lands the worst known evils are common practices and justice and kindness and mercy of the rarest occurrence—that the suffering found in Christian lands is MULTIPLIED MANY TIMES and if we shut our eyes to it and refuse to do our part in bringing those in darkness to the Light, then we have neglected not only them but our Christ. The Evangelical churches, in proportion to membership, are responsible, and our Southern Presbyterian Church has taken for its share 25,000,000 of those in heathen darkness. Dividing the number of our church members into 25,000,000 we have about 80 heathen assigned to each member. Some of us can not possibly reach that number but some of us can reach

many more by giving our money, or by going ourselves, and so we know that if each one would only do his and her share the entire number could be reached.

If we shirk our share, which may be only a fraction of 80 or many times that number, then there is no one to do our work, for each individual can only reach a limited number, so those whom we neglect will have to suffer for our thoughtlessness or our selfishness or indifference, whatever may be the cause of our neglect.

One of our missionaries once found a great many natives trying to coax an immense snake out of their village. They were dancing about it instead of killing it, as their witch-doctor or medicine man had told them that a spirit had come to live in the snake and that it was their fetish (for a fetish is anything that a spirit lives in) so they were compelled to worship it.

At another time the people were mourning the death of relatives and friends who had been taken by a leopard which they dared not destroy or even hurt because he was the fetish of their village. Cannibalism is still practiced to a horrible extent in Africa.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US SOONER?

This poor old slave woman was accused of witchcraft because two of her owner's goats died. Boiling water was poured over both arms. Later I heard that this was a mistake, that she was compelled to dip her arms into a pot of boiling oil. Blood poison set in and one of our missionaries (not a physician), in the absence of our only doctor, successfully amputated one arm, but blood poison in the other arm killed the poor woman, who died after suffering horribly.

A Cry from the Congo

The following lines were suggested by a story told by the late Rev. P. Cameron Scott, a missionary in the Congo Free State. One day, when Mr. Scott was preaching to a group of natives, an old chief approached him and said: "Why didn't you tell us this story sooner? Why didn't you let us know?"

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?"
  The words came sad and low;
O ye who knew the gospel truths,
  Why didn't you let us know?
The Saviour died for all the world,
  He died to save from woe;
But we never heard the story:
  Why didn't you let us know?

You have had the gospel message,
  You have known a Saviour's love:
Your dear ones passed from Christian homes
  To the blessed land above.
Why did you let OUR fathers die,
  And into the silence go

With no thought of Christ to comfort:
  Why didn't you let us know?

We appeal to you, O Christians,
  In lands beyond the sea!
Why didn't you tell us sooner,
  Christ died for you and me?
Nineteen hundred years have passed
  Since disciples were told to go
To the utmost parts of the earth and teach:
  Why didn't you let us know?

You say you are Christ's disciples;
  That you try his work to do;
And yet his very last command
  Is disobeyed by you.
'Tis indeed a wonderful story!
  He loved the whole world so,
That he came and died to save us,
  But you didn't let us know!

O souls, redeemed by Jesus,
  Think what your Lord hath done!
He came to earth and suffered,
  And died for every one.
He expected you to tell it,
  As on your way you go;
But you kept the message from us!
  Why didn't you let us know?

Hear this pathetic cry of ours,
  O, dwellers in Christian lands!
For Africa stands before you,
  With pleading, outstretched hands;
You may not be able to come yourself,
  But some IN YOUR STEAD can go.
Will you not send us teachers?
  Will you not let us know?

—GRACE P. TURNBULL.

THE MESSAGE OF LONELINESS

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well and are beloved,
To every one of us from time to time
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy

And can not understand our bitterness.
"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel."
Such is the cry of each of us in turn;
We wander in a solitary way;
No matter what or where our lot may be,
Each heart mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love.
In every heart He wishes to be first;
He therefore keeps the hidden key Himself
To open all its chambers and to bless
With loving sympathy and perfect peace
Each solitary heart which comes to Him.
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus crying "Come to Me."
And every time we are "not understood,"
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way."

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, "I can not bear this load alone,"
You say the truth. God let it be
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which no one understands
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,
In all points tempted He can feel with you.
You can not come too often or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace;
His presence satisfies the longing soul.
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have "a solitary way." —Anonymous.

[Copied from a clipping found in Mama Mutoto's (Mrs. Morrison) Bible.]

Five Ways of Expressing Consecration to Christ

If the little "Miliams" and "Kovenantas" at Luebo could tell you how they may express love or consecration to Christ, they would say by seeking—

1. Lungenyi—Knowledge.
2. Mankenda—Purity or Cleanliness.
3. Mudimu—Work.

"Miliams"

4. Cihahai or (Kufila bintu kudi Nzambi).
5. Kubikila bantu bakuabo kudi Nzambi.

In other words, they say:

First: If we love Christ we will want to know all that we

"Kovenantas"

can about Him. We will attend church and school, will learn to read our Bible for ourselves and will pray God to reveal Himself unto us.

Second: We know that Christ wants us to live only pure lives.

Third: We will try to find some regular systematic work to do for our Lord.

Fourth: We will bring our best gifts to God—never less than the tenth which we already owe to him.

Native Contribution on Christmas Day

Fifth: We will go out and call others to come to God—will ask them to come to religious services with us and will try in every way in our power to lead them to God.

When the little boys and girls at Luebo asked me what they had that they could bring to Jesus I gave them the following simple illustration, which seemed to make clear to some of them that whatever we bring will be acceptable to Christ if we will only be careful to bring our best gifts to show Him how much we love Him. For just before leaving for Africa I found in a box of things which my father treasured very highly a little pen wiper and blotter and watch-case which I had made for him when I was a little girl, and although these little gifts were entirely worthless in themselves and would have been just so much trash

Church at Luebo

to any one else, I realized that my father treasured them because he knew that they were the best gifts which I knew how to give him at the time, to show him my love for him. And I realized as never before that it is the same way with our gifts to Jesus Christ. Some times our best gifts and our very best services are so little to offer Him we might think He would not want them, but we know that if any earthly father values gifts brought to him by one of his children because of the love which those gifts represent, much more will our God who is Love, be able to see the love in our hearts which makes us want to bring our gifts to Him, and we know that our best love-gifts, whatever they may be, will be acceptable to Him.

Some of the little African children asked me how they could give their gifts to One whom they could not see, and I was so glad to read them from God's Word, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Mama Mutoto"

Some of those little African boys and girls who are so poor that many of them have no clothes and wear only a string of beads about their waist, began bringing in their best gifts and some of the little girls took off their little brass and iron bracelets and rings and put them into the collection plate, while some of the boys gave bits of [illegible] and buttons and picture cards given them by the missionaries, some brought handfuls of salt and little sea shells and as Sunday after Sunday the collection was taken, and the little gifts were sold, they soon had enough in their treasury to undertake the support of a native evangelist.

Often I asked the children how many persons they had brought to our church services and some of them would answer: "I brought eight" or nine or ten or even twelve during the week. And this leads me to speak of

Little Nzadi

Mrs. Morrison was ill at the time this little boy came to her door and asked to see her, but he sent in word that he had some-

thing very important to say and so she let him come to her bedside. He told her that his name was Nzadi and that he had joined a passing caravan and had come walking in with them for several days (a little African boy or girl seven and eight years old can walk as many as thirty-five miles in a single day) to see her, and that he had come "to live in her fence" to learn some of the wonderful things that he had heard of her teaching the other boys.

Now, Dr. Morrison had just urged Mrs. Morrison to refuse to take in any more boys as too much work and responsibility seemed to be the cause of her illness, and so Mrs. Morrison told little Nzadi that she was very sorry that she could not allow him to come and live in her yard. Nzadi insisted that he did not come to increase her work, but that he would work for her (he was about seven years old). And then Mrs. Morrison said that her boys' house was already overcrowded and that there was not room for another boy. But Nzadi was equal to the occasion and said that he was too little to take up much room and that the other boys could certainly squeeze up close to each other and make room for him on their beds, and so Mrs. Morrison had to offer another excuse; however, without any better success, for the little fellow was determined to stay and when she told him that he was so little she was afraid that he would get homesick he asked her to just try him and see. He said: "Mamma Mutoto" (the natives' name for Mrs. Morrison, meaning a star), "I'd be ashamed to go back to my village and have to tell my people that you had refused me." And so Mamma Mutoto didn't have the heart to refuse the little boy after all and let him come into her fence where he proved himself a very promising little pupil. For, at the six o'clock service, when all of the people assemble, "To begin the day with God," Nzadi was always present and at private "family worship," when Mrs. Morrison gathered her little boys about her after breakfast to teach them a new hymn or Bible verse or to ask them about the sermon of the day before (for we have church services every day), little Nzadi was a very responsive listener. He learned very quickly at school and was proud of being able to run errands or to do chores for Mrs. Morrison. He faithfully attended the "catechumen" class (and just here let me say that the catechism is so valued in Africa that a party once walked eight hundred miles just to get one) and learned many Bible stories from Sunday-school lesson cards which Mrs. Morrison often showed to her boys in the evenings.

When little Nzadi left our Mission station for a vacation in his own village, this is what he did: As there was no teacher of God in his village, he began "preaching" to the people himself. One of our evangelists passed through his village and told us all

about it. He said that Nzadi called the people together with a horn and then told them Bible stories and that the great Creator "Mvidi Mukulu" was not angry with the world as they had supposed, but that He loved the world so much that He had sent His own Son to die for us—that the great Creator had sent this message to all of His people and that the foreign teachers at Luebo had told him all about it. Then little Nzadi led the people in prayer and sang hymns with them (for he began teaching them how to sing, too), and twice every day when he thought that the sun showed it was the regular time for church service at Luebo, he called the people together to teach them some of the wonderful things that he had learned.

I thought this was very unusual and very wonderful when I first heard about it. I still think it is wonderful for our God to be able to use such small instruments for His work, but after staying on our Mission field for several years I find that it is not unusual at all for small boys and girls, in some cases, to teach not only children but "grown-ups" what they had learned on our Mission stations.

Nzadi

Ten Ways in Which Many Can Help.

Is this not a wonderful work, and do you not want a share in it?

"Passing impressions that stir the sympathy and do not lead to action, harden the heart." Let us remember this and do all in our power to help, WITHOUT DELAY, in some of the following ways:

1. By taking a part of a share or a full share of $50 per year.

This amount will support a native evangelist and his wife for a year. One-half of a share will keep a child in one of our boarding schools for a year.

One-fifth of a share will distribute much religious literature among those who are too poor to buy it for themselves, but who are exceedingly anxious for it.

2. By paying the entire support of a missionary (which is $1,200 per year), or by taking one-half or one-third or one-fourth of this amount.

3. By paying for the outfit of a new missionary (which is $250).

4. By paying the traveling expenses of a missionary to the Congo (which is $500).

5. By subscribing ourselves and getting others to subscribe to the church papers and by reading regularly and carefully all reports of the work so as to be informed and to be able to pray and work INTELLIGENTLY for it.

6. By praying for definite needs which are presented regularly to our church.

7. By doing all that we can to interest others in this work, not growing discouraged or disheartened even after MANY failures, "For the prayer of faith availeth much," and if we pray and work faithfully we can expect much, for we know that we shall "reap if we faint not."

8. By giving systematically and regularly to this cause. We must remember in helping to meet any new need presented, that OLD work MUST be maintained or IT will be come a A NEW NEED.

9. By making cloth scrap books filled with brightly colored pictures of people (which are highly valued by the natives) If our best children's stories, allegories, etc., could be fancifully illustrated by pictures cut from fashion books, magazines and advertisements (for instance, in the story of Cinderella, the picture of any pretty young woman will do for the heroine, the picture of any attractive looking man, for the prince and pictures of the fairy godmother, mice, lizards, etc., can be found in many old magazines), then the missionaries could easily supply the story in the native language. I think it would be a good idea to have a page opposite each page of pictures with a blank sheet of writing paper pasted on it so that the story could be written in the native dialect without delay. It would be a good idea for an entire society to illustrate the SAME story (as we could use ANY number of books) for the same translation into the native tongue could be used for all. Be sure to send the story (in English) with the scrap books. Any good colored pictures of people (and any pictures of good colored people) will always be interesting to the natives, but they do not show much interest in some of the postcards that have been sent to us, of flowers, houses, scenery, etc. We hope to make them see more beauty in these things some day, but we already have enough pictures of this kind to supply the demand at present. Large Primary Lesson Rolls are especially acceptable and can easily be sent through the mail for about ten cents, or a very little more. Just address it to the Superintendent of the Sunday-school at any of the Mission stations to which you choose to send it. The address for each station is in every copy of "The Missionary Survey," at the end of the list of missionaries.

In sending pictures and scrapbooks, it is better not to allow more than a half pound or a pound, if possible, to a package. Several small packages are more apt to reach us quickly than

one large one, if mailed direct to Africa. However, if more convenient to send a large package, address it to one of our missionaries in care of Whyte Ridsdale & Co., 75 Houndstitch, Bishopsgate, London, Eng.

10 By reading leaflets and books written about the people (send to the Educational Department for catalogues of leaflet literature) in Africa. Interesting leaflets and books can be supplied by our Presbyterian Commission of Publication as well as from our Educational Department at 154 Fifth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.

BEST WAY OF ALL TO HELP

"Come Over and Help Us"

Qualifications of a Missionary

The qualifications, spiritual, mental, and bodily, to be required of those seeking appointment as missionaries are:

1. Strong faith in God, with persevering prayer.
2. Earnest love for the souls of men.
3. Reliance on the Holy Spirit.
4. Single-hearted, self-sacrificing devotion to Christ and His cause.
5. Strong common sense.
6. Good intellectual training.
7. A reasonable facility in learning languages.
8. Sound judgment of men and things.
9. Tact and adaptability to people of all classes and conditions.
10. A hopeful, cheerful spirit.
11. Ability to work harmoniously with others.
12. Persistent energy in carrying out plans once well formed.
13. Special fitness for the department of work for which they seek appointment.
14. A sound physical constitution fitted to endure hardness, and not subject to any hereditary disease.

Ordinarily missionaries before being sent out should be subjected to the test of practical work at home by their Presbyteries in the departments in which they seek appointment, such as preacher, teacher, or physician; and all appointments made before such test shall be only tentative, and subject to revocation if, in the judgment of the Committee, the test is not satisfactory. Lady missionaries ought, if practicable, to have the benefit of at least one year's study in our training schools.

For further information, write Rev. S. H. Chester, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

I would like to mention especially the following two exceedingly interesting books on Africa:

Mr. Robt. Milligan's "The Jungle Folk of Africa."

"Uganda's White Man of Work," by Fahs. Both books can be ordered from our Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va.

All contributions for our African Mission work should be sent to the Treasurer of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions (who will acknowledge receipt of same), 154 Fifth Avenue, North, Nashville, Tenn. Please do not expect a personal letter of thanks from one of the missionaries when contributions are sent in. Often missionaries sit up till the "wee sma hours of the night" trying to keep up with their heavy correspondence, but in spite of this are burdened with the thought of not being able to write more than a fraction of the letters which are some times expected of them. Let us send in our "African" contributions, both large and small, marked only "For the African Mission Work," and let us be content with knowing that we have given to the Lord's work and with being able to pray to God to direct both our Executive Committee and the missionaries in the best use of the funds entrusted to them.

All share-holders (with as much as a $50.00 share or more) will receive regular reports of our Mission Work besides the reports given in the church papers and magazines.

As we undertake all work for our Master let us do it in the spirit expressed in these lines:

"I do not work my soul to save—
That work my Lord hath done.
But I will work like any slave
For love of God's dear Son."

STATISTICS FOR 1913

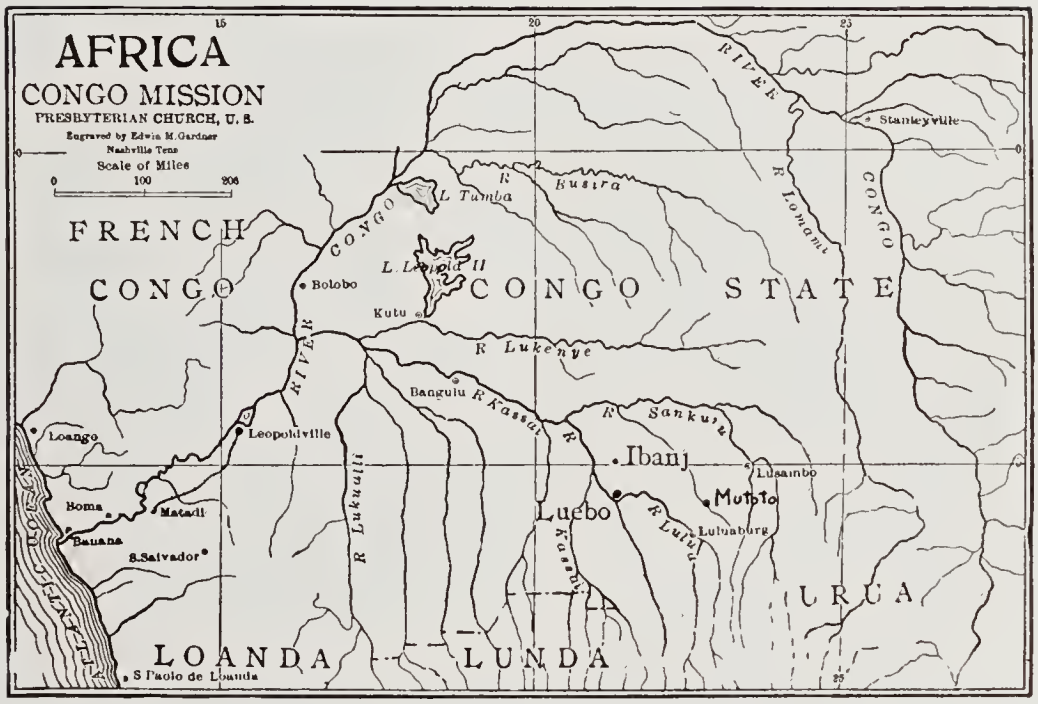
Population of our field	1,700,000
Missionaries	37
Native workers	436
Out stations, places of regular meeting	165
Organized churches	3
Communicants	10,360
Added by confession	1,328
Adherents	67,500
Sabbath Schools	103
Sabbath School membership	10,000
Schools	100
Students	6,500
Churches and chapels	156
Native contributions	$457

"Twenty-two years ago there was not a man in all the region of Luebo that had heard the name of Jesus. Now there are over ten thousand believers. Twenty-two years ago there was not a man that knew a letter in any alphabet. To-day there are nearly seven thousand pupils in the different schools. Twenty-two years ago there was not a man, woman, or child in all that great region that could utter a syllable of intelligent prayer. When Bishop Lambuth was there he estimated that at six o'clock every morning 20,000 people gather in the various villages for morning prayer. Does it pay?"—"*Africa for Christ*," published by Educational Department of M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn.

It has been estimated that we could reach about 3,000,000 with the Baluba-Lulua and Bakuba dialects if we only had workers enough.

Let us remember that there are 50,000,000 people in Africa yet unprovided for by any Christian Church.

ROLL CALL OF CONGO MISSIONARIES IN 1914.



The A. P. C. M. (American Presbyterian Congo Mission) was founded in 1891 at Luebo by Rev. S. N. Lapsley and Rev. W. H. Sheppard. There was no welcoming crowd to greet them, but only a wild and lonely landing place with dangers both known and unknown confronting them everywhere.

Welcome to Luebo in 1914

Rev. and Mrs. J. McC. Sieg

Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn

Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Edmiston (c)

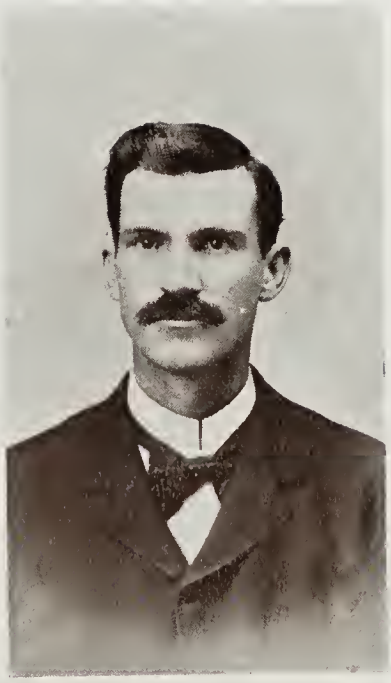
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. DeYampert (c)

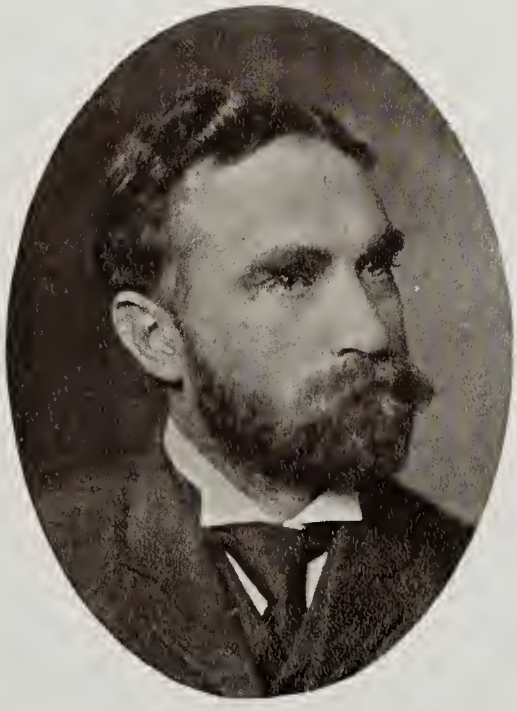
Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge and Baby

Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland

Mr. A. H. Setzer



Mr. W. L. Hillhouse



Rev. W. M. Morrison

Mrs. A. H. Setzer

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scott

Miss Elda M. Fair

Mr. T. J. Arnold, Jr.

Miss Maria Fearing (c)

Rev. Motte Martin
For photo of Mrs. Martin, see frontispiece

Dr. Thomas Thompson Stixrud

"Bachelor's Club"
(Reading from left to right, not counting the cat)
Rev. H. S. Wilds Rev. Plumer Smith Rev. Robt. D. Bedinger Rev. T. C. Vinson

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon

DIXIA.
(Across river from Luebo.)

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Stevens

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen

Rev. and *Mrs. A. A. Rochester (c)

The Roll Call of Baby Missionaries is as follows:

Samuel Lucius DeYampert, George Motte Martin, Neill Graham Stevens, Alonzo Van Leancourt Edmiston, Frances Dixon Crane, Coralie Beauvais Coppedge, John Boyd Scott, Miles Dixon Washburn, and Eula May Cleveland.

*Died May 14, 1914.

A DREAM OF DEATH

I slept when none but God was near, and dreamed
That earth and Heaven and time had passed away.
From every color, name and stage of life,
A numerous host, too great for tongue to speak,
Or mind conceive assembled round the throne
To give account of life upon the earth.
From every tongue or tribe that e'er had lived
Upon this world, here was not one whose face
Did not appear among the anxious throng.
The high and low, the great and small, the rich
And poor, both kings and queens and lords and slaves,
Were all alike as criminals before
The judgment bar.

Upon the left, the fallen angels stood,
And shrieked and howled as only demons can.
The marks of sin and shame had left upon
Their visages the lines of misery untold.
No maniac e'er looked so wild as they;
No savage beast e'er watched his prey with thirst
For blood as eagerly as they beheld the souls
That stood before the throne. Their leader waved
His bony hand, and like so many slaves
They fell upon the gound and licked the dust.
Again he waved his hand, and they arose
And stood in trembling
Awe before his face.

Upon the right ten thousand angels stood,
In robes of white, with harps within their hands.
Their faces shone with peace and joy and love.
They, too, beheld the throng of human souls
Before the throne. But theirs were looks of love,
That seemed to draw the mighty host, as when
The voice of eloquence impels a mass
Of mortal men to move.
The song they sang
Was "Glory to the Lamb who gave His life
That man might live."

Upon His Throne I saw the Judge of Life,
As one by one He called the human souls
To stand before His face and hear their doom.
As melts a bank of snow before the rays
Of morning sun, so shrank the mighty host
Away, as each individual soul stood forth
Before the Judge, and heard his sentence spoke.

And when at last my name was called, I stood
Before His throne, and heard Him say, "Bring forth

The books in which are the records of his life."
Four books an angel brought. The first was op'ed
The "Book of Deeds" 'twas called. As quick as thought
Were made to pass before my eyes the deeds of life.
Each day in life was but a page within
This book; and things that I had long forgot,
And deeds in secret done, as well as those
In heated passion wrought, were bro't in view
Of all who stood around the throne. The acts
Of infant life were blotted, every one,
And then the deeds of youth—the midnight revels,
And the noonday sins—were blacker still than those
Of infant days. And there were read the deeds
Of active life from youth to hoary age.
Not one was left unread, not even those
To dear ones wrought within my sacred home.
But everything that e'er I did for friends,
For State, for Church, for enemies, was brought
To light, and viewed by all.

My conscience ached
As ne'er it ached before.
Among the deeds
Of threescore years and ten, not one was found
Without a flaw, not even those the world
Has said were deeds of love and sacrifice.

"Enough," I cried, "Let me exist no more,
Let breath and life be taken away from me."
"Not yet," the Judge declared. "Bring forth the book,"
He said, "in which the words of life are wrote."
The book was brought, and opened wide before
The eyes of every one.
They soon were read,
And all were made to hear the words that I
Had spoke, while passing from my mother's breast
Until I reached the stage of child again.
My words of disrespect now burned like coals
Of fire, and made me squirm with aching heart
And then were read the angry words that made
The hearts of others ache when first they fell
Upon their ears. And next were read the words
Of blasphemy which I had thoughtless spoke,
All, all the evil they had done. And then
The list of lies that I had told from time
To time, while passing thro' the world. Not one
Of every word that e'er had passed my lips
Was left unread. Like a thousand darts they pierced
My heart until in agony I cried:

"Ye mountains, fall on me and hide me from
The gaze of Him who sits upon the throne."

"Not yet," the Judge replied, "has all been told."
Forthwith another book was brought, the "Book
Of Thought," 'twas called.
And one by one each thought
Was read, that e'er had lodged within my heart.
Impure desires, unholy thoughts, which none
But I of mortal men had ever heard,
Were brought to light, before the mighty throng.
Not one within the catalogue of hate,
Adultery, murder and all envious strifes,
And jealousies and covetousness, was wanting there.

"Enough, enough," again I cried. " 'Tis true
Those deeds, those words, those thoughts came from my
heart.
Pronounce my doom, and let me go and take
My place among the lost."
"Another book remains," the Judge replied,
"In which the record tells of privilege,
And opportunities for doing good
To those in need, and few of which were used."
And then the angel read of saddened hearts
I failed to cheer; of hungry poor I failed
To feed; of naked men I failed to clothe,
While all the time my festive board was full.
And then was read how oft no thought of God
Was found within my heart for weeks and months,
And how I'd trampled under foot His love.

And now the books were closed and doom pronounced;
The demons howled and jeered, and one came forth
To lead me down into eternal woe;
He laid his bony hand upon my head,
Commanding me to follow.

I woke from sleep, my frame was trembling like
A leaf. Cold sweat was standing on my brow.
"O, God," I cried, "have mercy on my soul."
"Be still, my child," a
Voice from heaven replied,
"The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed your soul
From every stain of sin.
The sight that you
Have seen is what would be, but for the love
Of Him who died for you.
Arise and spread
The news both far and wide, that Jesus' blood
Will cleanse the soul from every stain of sin."

Banner Elk, N. C. —Rev. Edgar Tufts.

NOTES

Read the Letters yourself and see if you will not try to get as many Juniors as possible to send for **The I. A. H. Letters.** Address, David C. Cook, I. A. H. Circle, Elgin, Ill.

(Twenty-five cents in stamps, but be sure to send stamps in such a way that they will not stick together.)

We know that no one can tell us just what Heaven is, but when we read of the most beautiful place our minds can conceive of and realize that Heaven is more beautiful than that ("for neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories prepared for them that love Him"), then an overwhelming sense of God's mercy and love comes over us. Many of us feel this way after reading the dream of Heaven, called "Intra Muros," by Mrs. R. R. Springer, published by David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Ill. Eight cents per copy.

"Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," "A Wrestler of Philippi," and many other books published by David C. Cook Publishing Co., for eight cents each, are exceedingly interesting and helpful, especially to young people.

"How they Kept the Faith," is another book of great interest and this may be obtained from our Presbyterian Committee of Publication, at Richmond, Va. Send for a catalogue of the splendid books published by them.

If you have a shut-in or a friend that is sick, I can strongly recommend a little book, entitled "He, Whom Thou Lovest, is Sick," by Miss Rosa Pendleton Chiles, No. 142 A St., N. E., Washington, D. C. Thirty-five cents per copy.

The life of Mrs. W. M. Morrison (Mama Mutoto) has been written by Rev. J. J. Chisholm, D.D., Natchez, Miss., and can be procured through the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va., for fifty cents per copy.

Miss O. H. Dickson (the author of "Grandma Bright's Missionary Evenings" and other exceedingly interesting books) has prepared a very helpful little book for making a list of special petitions with space for date of each prayer and **it's answer.** Price, 18 cents, postpaid. The book can be ordered from Miss Dickson, 102 S. Cherry Street, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A little leaflet entitled "Kongo Kostumes," with a small sample of Congo cloth, can also be ordered from Mrs. Martin. Price, ten cents.

A loose Congo Scrap Book entitled "The Call of the Wild African" has been planned and it will contain articles of interest about our African mission work from its foundation until the present time. It will be the size of the "Missionary Survey," so that in the future pages of interest can be cut out and added from that magazine by simply stringing each new leaf on the cord binding the leaves of the scrap book together. It is almost certain that the price of this book will not exceed fifty cents and will possibly be less. If names and addresses are sent in to Mrs. Martin the book (with price named) will be sent as soon as published.

Dr. H. F. Williams' Colored Post Cards on Africa are very attractive, and can be ordered from the Presbyterian Committee of Publication for ten cents a set of twelve.

* * * * * * * * * *

Should any friends become interested enough in this work to determine to interest AT LEAST ten others, making them promise, if possible, to try to reach another ten, we know that a great burden would be lifted from us. We are often told to "make bricks without straw." Our undertaking is such a tremendous one that THE FEW who are interested supporters can not possibly do the work of the MANY who are needed. We can only meet with the interested few as a rule because the INDIFFERENT MAJORITY usually refuse to attend missionary meetings. Therefore we missionaries must depend upon the INTERESTED FEW to reach and interest by prayer and personal work that large number in almost every church who are now non-supporters, but who could do much for us. We missionaries long to put aside EVERY WEIGHT (and especially the great burden of trying to raise the necessary money for our work), that we might run the race which has been set before us as a mission—the race with superstition and sin and with Mohammedanism, which will soon reach our district, and with those Roman Catholic teachers, over twice our number already, who refuse to allow the natives the Bible in their own hands; who call us "People of the Evil One," and say that the natives are in greater danger when we teach them than when left in their heathen state; who have refused our offers of cooperation saying that we are heretics and that they can only fight us. If we can only place the open Bible into the hands of the natives we believe that God will not allow His word to return unto Him void. Will you not help us? Will you not pray that God will show YOU just how YOU may help in the best way? Dear Father, not that we may do SOME good, do we pray, but that we may do the MOST good every day. "SIN IS ANYTHING LESS THAN MY BEST."

Natives Enjoying the Mysteries of the Photograph.

Central Park, A. P. C. Mission Station, Luebo.

The church shed, missionaries, homes, printing office, pharmacy, etc., are arranged in a semi-circle around this lovely park.

BRANDON-NASHVILLE 10-1-'14-2½M.

This Book Sells For 20 Cents

FOR SALE BY

MRS. MOTTE MARTIN

BUNKIE, LOUISIANA

Christmas Day Dinner Aboard the Steamship "Lapsley."
The Methodist party were the guests of honor.
Reading from left to right—Bishop Lambuth, Dr. Morrison, Mr. Mangum, Mrs. Stockwell, Mrs. Mumpower, Mr. Dowsett, Engineer of the Steamship "Lapsley;" Dr. Mumpower, Mr. Anet, Belgian Official; Mr. Bush, Mrs. Bush and Mr. Scott.

One of the "Mud Palaces" at Luebo, 1200 Miles from the West Coast.

Address: "THE MARTIN BOX,"
A. P. C. M.
LUEBO, KASAI DISTRICT,
CONGO BELGE, AFRICA.